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The Anchor



VOLUME XXXVI

HOPE COLLEGE, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN, October 22, 1924

NUMBER 30

VARSAITY HELD TO 0-0 SCORE

SATURDAY TILT RESULTS IN A SCORELESS TIE

QUESTIONABLE ANTICS OF OFFICIALS MARK FAIR GAME

Jappinga Stages Duel

Altho the Orange and Blue eleven was conceded to have quite an edge over John Bos' Junior College warriors they were held to a scoreless tie thru no fault of their own. The officiating at this tilt was said to have been very questionable, even by unbiased fans from Holland.

As a whole the Hope team was far superior to the Hill-Toppers, and excelled especially in end circling and punting.

The Junior line was very weak, and it was not thru their efforts that Hope lost a touchdown in the first few minutes of play. Kleis scared the Bos' outfit by grabbing the kicks off and side-stepping nearly the whole furniture capitol team to Junior's 11-yard line. From there Hope banged away at the Junior line an adfter the last attempt the officials failed to see that he ball had been put over once. Late in the second quarter the Hope team carried the oval to the 25-yard stripe, and negotiated a particularly difficult field goal. It was declared to have fallen short however.

Hardly had this been done when the diminutive Kleis was given the ball on the 70 yard whitewashed line. He side-stepped, dodged and, eluding the whole Junior team speeded over the marker, across the goal; but this effort was brought to nought when Hope was accused of holding on the play. "Fifteen yards," pronounced the referee, and for that Schouten was ready to call his eleven off Houseman field, after being robbed of 15 or more points. The game continued however with neither team doing anything noteworthy for the remainder of the contest.

Jappinga staged a punting duel with the elongated Raber, but the latter was outdistanced on every punt that sailed from Jappey's toe.

Hope's backfield performed exceptionally well, with Ted and Leon having the edge on their mates. Capt. Vander Meer's injuries prevented him from cavorting thru the Junior line.

Summary:

HOPE (0)	JUNIOR (0)
Demson.....LE.....	Schuman
Clatworthy.....LT.....	Rowell
VanderHart.....LG.....	Daniels
VanLente.....C.....	Burt
Van Dongen.....RG.....	Burt
Essenbagers.....RT.....	De Vries
Buyss.....RE.....	Cobb
VandenBrink.....FB.....	Holden
Damstra.....LH.....	Knickerbocker
Kleis.....RH.....	Koets
Jappinga.....FB.....	Raber
Substitutions—Hope:	Ver Meulen
for VanDongen, E. Van Lente for:	Guys; Junior: Stickney for Daniels;
Spitzie for Cobb. Referee—Cory	Umpire—Harper. Headlinesman—
Barber.	

SIS'S STATISTICS

In the minds of some people stands the thought that the longer one goes to a certain school the more thoroly he becomes imbued with the school spirit. Consider the following, on a percentage basis. The numbers indicate the number in the class who have not subscribed for the Anchor:

9 Seniors.....	15.8%
36 Juniors.....	40. %
41 Sophomores	37.6%
74 Freshmen.....	42.5%

We, the Freshmen class of Hope College wish to offer a general apology for misconduct during the event of court proceedings in Carnegie Court room Wednesday evening, October 15, 1924. In doing so we are classifying ourselves as Hopeites rather than Freshmen and are offering the same for the best interests of Hope College and her manifold activities.

(Signed)—

FRESHMAN CLASS OF HOPE,

James Ten Brink, Pres.

Y. M. C. A. Meeting Well Attended

FRESHMEN TELL ABOUT THEIR FIRST IMPRESSIONS

First impressions were in order at the Y meeting Tuesday night. Under the leadership of Peter De Ruiter, as representing the Freshmen, the students had an opportunity of seeing themselves as in a mirror, learning the bad as well as the good points of campus life.

Naturally, the first impression one gets upon entering college is made up in large part by the welcome he receives, by the heartiness of the handshake, the desirability on the part of his conductor to see that he is comfortably situated. Then it is absolutely necessary that the body of students create an atmosphere that is congenial as well as Christian. And if it is really Christian it will be congenial. The "Y" tries to create such an atmosphere, and if one link in the chain of friendship becomes slightly weakened, is it not quite frequently the case that he trouble lies with the individual student? Remember, impressions are easier to make than to break.

THE INQUISITIVE REPORTER

Every Week He Asks Four Persons Picked at Random, A Question.

THE QUESTION

Do you think class fighting on the Campus is conducive to better college spirit and to the development of the ideals of a student?

THE ANSWER

G. Vander Borgh, Instructor in Mathematics:—

Certainly not. Fighting on any scale never produced anything but factions and discord, and only when every other method has failed can there be the slightest excuse for a fight. Fortunately there other ways of creating college spirit, i. e., wholesome interclass competition in athletics, forensics and the like; and if it ever was necessary to rely upon a fight that time has passed. This is the attitude the public is taking thruout the entire country in this matter of hazing and class rushes.

Albert Schaafsma, '26—

I do not think that class fighting on the campus is at all conducive to better college spirit but I do believe

SEVERAL FROSH CONVICTED OF GRAVE CRIMES

COURT OF JUSTICE DEALS SEVERELY WITH DELINQUENTS

Although the members of the Freshmen class tried to break up the Court Trial in the Gym last Wednesday evening, several cases were tried and defendants convicted of violations of the Freshman Rules established earlier in the year.

Miss Dorothy Clements was made to go without her complexion for two days, besides giving the chapel steps a thorough scrubbing as a penalty for going on a forbidden date with Frank Hinkamp.

Because she was convicted of going with a Senior, Miss C. Popper was forced to clean those same steps with Miss Clements. In addition she was ordered to wear her father's rubber boots on Thursday and Friday of last week.

William Klein, another convict, was sentenced to wear a pair of white socks and bedroom slippers while he was on the campus Oct. 16 and 17. His trouser legs were to be rolled nine inches above the ground to display his footwear. This sentence was imposed for going out with a Junior girl.

Mr. W. Verhage failed to tip his "pot" to an upper classman, and along with Theodore Boot who was convicted on the same charge, was made to play tennis Friday afternoon between 1:30 and 3 P. M. clad only in a bathing suit and tennis shoes.

Misses J. VanZyl and Lucile Vander Water were acquitted on their charge of going out with Kenny Van Lente and Chief Otipoby. They were acquitted because of mental irresponsibility.

Henry Masselink was ordered to clean out the mens' locker room in Carnegie because he failed to tie "that green tie" properly.

Mr. C. Lubbers acted as Chief Justice, while Paul Gebhard was Prosecutor, W. Roughgarden, balliff, while Brothers Wesselink and others were defense attornneys.

Fritz Yonkman, Martha Gabbard, Angeline Poppen and Raymond Kuiper were the Justices.

that class fighting should be allowed. There is always a certain amount of that so-called "pep" stored up in the members of the two underclasses that must be let out some way and for the past two years it has been in the way of a challenge from the Freshman class to the Sophomore going without the caps for a day or two. I think that there ought to be a class rush staged between the two classes about this time every year. The "Pull" has long ceased to fulfill its purpose in this respect and it is time to establish something that will take its place.

Martha Gabbard, '25—

Remarks heard after the class fight Thursday were by no means proof that a better college spirit prevailed. The bitter feelings created by such "combats" destroy true Hope spirit. Class rivalry is very desirable as long as it is kept wholesome. We admire the good sport who can "shake" with his opponent and say, "You win!" The spirit shown at the time of the "Pull" is splendid. Why can't we have more such contests? There are a great many opportunities for such—football, basketball—these require brain as well as brawn and give all the classes a chance to show interest and college spirit.

THINKING!

If you think you are beaten, you are; If you think you dare not, you don't, If you'd like to win, but you think you can't

It's almost a cinch you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you're lost, For out of the world we find Success begins with a fellow's will— It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you are outclassed, you are;

You've got to think high to rise. You've got to be sure of yourself before

You can ever win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go To the stronger or faster man, But sooner or later the man who wins Is the man who THINKS he can.

Y. W. Discusses Hope Societies

BENEFITS AND EVILS OF SOCIETIES EXPOSED AT LIVE MEETING

Last Thursday the Y. W. C. A. held an unusual meeting, the subject of which was "Societies?"

By way of making this a strong, live meeting, the Geneva girls introduced the group discussion plan. The response from the girls certainly proved its success.

To start the discussion the girls gave, in rapid-fire succession, a list of the weaknesses of societies. Then each difficulty was discussed and the remedies proposed.

All solutions seemed to condense themselves into Christ's law of love in society organization as well as in individual life. We must crush the clannish tendency that is so strong at Hope, and make an effort to develop within ourselves a feeling of comradeship for everyone.

Rutgers College Has High Ideals

HIGH STANDARDS FOR FRESHMAN CONDUCT EARLY LAID DOWN

Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J., has always been considered a sort of "sister college" to Hope; for it was founded and managed for many years by the Reformed Church in America, and although no direct connection remains, the sentimental ties are strong. The Outlook for September 24, 1924, contains an interesting article about the college.

In the announcement of the opening of the college in 1771, the authorities cut out a pretty large task for themselves. We quote from their announcement:

"Any Parents or Guardians who may be inclined to send their Children to this Institution, may depend upon having them instructed with the greatest Care and Diligence in all the Arts and Sciences usually taught in public Schools; the strictest Regard will be paid to their moral conduct, (and in a word) to everything which may tend to render them a Pleasure to their friends, and an Ornament to their Species."

How many Hope College graduates, we wonder, may be classified as "a Pleasure to their Friends, and an Ornament to their Species?" Perhaps it depends on who judges as to the ornamentation!

STUDENTS AIM AT REFORM OF COLLEGE LIFE

DARTMOUTH UNDERGRADUATES REPORT ON EDUCATIONAL POLICY

In response to an invitation addressed by President Hopkins of Dartmouth College to ten undergraduates a report giving the student viewpoint on educational policy was issued late last semester. The document, about 40,000 words in length, is the most remarkable bit of work ever done by undergraduates.

A definition of the "Purpose of a College" prefaces the report. "It is the purpose of the college to provide a selected group of men with a comprehensive background of information about the world and its problems, and to stimulate them to develop their capacity for rational thinking, philosophic understanding, creative imagination, and aesthetic sensitiveness, and to inspire them to use these developed powers in becoming leaders in service to society."

After declaring the faculty all-important in any system of education, the committee declares that a more personal relationship between professors and students is desirable.

This they would bring about by a change in the method of instruction. The following recommendations are made: (1) the virtual abolition of lectures; (2) long time assignment by topic; (3) small classes meeting weekly; (4) office hours for consultation with professors; (5) written work in form of short assigned papers and (6) an additional check on the student's work designed to force the completion of each quarter's work before starting in on the next.

Assignment to sections on the basis of scholarship, the substitution of a program of periodic papers for the usual series of examinations, the addition of a sixth letter to the marking system, and the allotment of cuts in proportion to a student's scholastic standing are also recommended.

Abolition of the distinction between the two degrees of A. B. and B. S., and the award of the A. B. to all successful candidates is another change advocated.

In discussing the curriculum the committee suggests that the first two years be devoted nearly entirely to required courses designed to give the student a cultural background and that the last two years be allowed entirely free for electives in the major and other departments.

The report concludes with a strong plea that the Selective Process now in use at Dartmouth be carefully studied and strengthened with a view to culling the ranks of those applying for admission.

(From "The New Student.")

The church at Forest Grove held a farewell reception Sept. 23 for Rev. and Mrs. A. Van Bronkhorst, just before they left with their two children to return to Japan. Both Rev. Harry Hager and Rev. G. Van der Linden had a share in the exercises. During the course of the evening, Mr. Van Bronkhorst was presented with a check for five hundred and thirty dollars and besides this a special gift of one hundred thirty dollars, to be used for the upkeep of his automobile which he intends to take with him to Japan. Each one present carried away a souvenir of the occasion in the shape of a postcard picture of the Van Bronkhorst family in the auto. Mrs. Van Bronkhorst was formerly Miss Helen De Maagd.

THE ANCHOR

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BUCK PASSING

A few years ago, a code of honor was inaugurated at Hope. The code in itself was long lived, but the application of it has slowly dragged it down and last year at mass meeting the bubble burst. The question arose whether we wanted an honor code. The verdict of the mass was that it wanted a new code of honor. Nothing really progressive resulted from the melee.

This year, the student council, after picking up the tattered fragments of that mutilated code—that center of derision—has endeavored to introduce to the student body a product which it believes will be a panacea for the ills of the past.

And now, after submitting this revised code to the respective classes, there is again the same old body of "buck-passers" picking it to pieces. Lighter penalties and an easier pledge are the notes upon which they are playing. The sentiment is to make it easier for one student to report another. The line of argument is "If a lighter penalty is inflicted on the person that I report, it will make it easier for me to report." Argument of that sort is fallacious because true honor cannot and does not discriminate—it goes the whole way. If a student has enough "real stuff" in him to report a cheater when he knows the penalty is light—he'll also do it, though the way be harder.

Upon closer scrutiny, one is assured that the motive underlying all these seemingly good intentions of the "buck-passer" to ameliorate conditions by his additions or subtractions, is to evade the issue. Yes, surely, an honor code is wanted, for it would look bad for our school, if we said we couldn't uphold one, but let's make it suit us all.

This is the line of reason.

We may not like the term "buck-passing". We can call it what we will, but the evidence is there. If we are of the temperament that admires the person who is knocking down, instead of building up, then we too are laboring under a misconception.

Shall any one of us be branded as a "buck-passer?"

We are the "doctors."

THE DOUBLE STANDARD

Most of us claim to be followers of Christ. As such, no code of morals lower than that of the Sermon on the Mount can be ours. "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," "return good for evil," and "judge not, that ye be not judged," the other? Is it unchristian for a person to "rejoice in the iniquity" of another, and Christian for one society to put the worst possible construction on all acts done by members of a rival organization? From Christ's point of view, what right have we to the double standard at present so universally accepted on Hope College Campus?

This conceded, the question comes to us: Is there one code of morals in personal relationships, and another in group relationships? Have we, who accept the Sermon on the Mount as a standard for our own conduct, any right to set up a lower standard for our society conduct?

Is it wrong for one person to spread gossip—more or less well-founded—about another, and right for one so-

CAMPUS COMMENT

Thursday evening after Y. W. Mary Pieters, Billy Sprick, Ardean Van Arendonk, Mae Hadden, Marian Van Vessem and Elsie Piets pleasantly surprised Mabel Coburn at her home in Zeeland, the occasion being her birthday.

Marian Van Vessem has been confined to her home in Zeeland with poison ivy.

Ward De Young was a visitor on the campus last Tuesday.

Harold Lubbers visited his brothers last week on his way to Pennsylvania.

Professor and Mrs. Lubbers are the proud parents of a son, Irwin Jacob Jr., born last week Monday and weighing nine pounds and five ounces.

Last week Saturday the 1924 Milestone staff enjoyed a trip to the Junior College-Hope Football game.

Lillian Scott and Elsie Piets have joined the Sorosis Society.

Bud De Wolf, '21, who has just returned from India, visited his sister Grace last week-end.

Jack Veldman and Adelaide Borgman accompanied Mr. and Mrs. John S. Dykstra to Urbana last week-end to witness the Michigan-Illinois game.

Kathryn Keppel is recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

Ruth De Vinney was elected to membership in the Sibylline society last week.

Grace McCarroll is recuperating at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Schouten.

ALUMNI NOTES

On Friday morning, Oct. 10, Rev. Gerrit Van Peursem led chapel and briefly addressed the students. The pleasure of the student body was doubled by the fact that we could as Dr. Dimnent suggested, look at Mrs. Van Peursem while listening to Mr. Van Peursem. The Van Peursem's are on their way back to Arabia.

Dr. G. Watermulder from the Winnebago mission was in chapel Monday morning and gave a short talk. Mr. Watermulder has lately returned from an extended trip thru Mexico and his talk on that country and the possibilities for Indian mission work there was very interesting. The situation, as he explained it, is a challenge to anyone interested in that type of work.

A very interesting and important visitor arrived in town last Monday in the person of Irwin J. Lubbers Jr.

The Japanese Mission sends to America a formal word of appreciation for the very faithful and acceptable work done at Meiji Gokuin by Mr. George Laug. Mr. Laug has been teaching there for the past three years.

society to act in the same way to another? Is it low and mean for one person to bear a grudge against another, and the right and natural thing for one society to treasure up every injury in the hope of getting it back at the other? Is it unchristian for a person to "rejoice in the iniquity" of another, and Christian for one society to put the worst possible construction on all acts done by members of a rival organization? From Christ's point of view, what right have we to the double standard at present so universally accepted on Hope College Campus?

A Fowl Reply

Miss Gibson—"What's the queerest striped bird you have ever seen?"
Frosh—"The Jailbird."

SOCIETY SECTION

SIBYLLINE

The guests and Alumni of Sibylline had all their cares and worries charmed away Friday evening, with the delightful operetta, "Mistress Mary's Garden." A piano solo by Sibyl Van Kersen was enjoyed. Sibyl De Young very ably portrayed the beautiful "Marcheta," after which the fall number of the "Sibyl Leaf" edited by Sibyl Vanden Bos, provoked gales of laughter.

DELPHI

Have you read the last edition of "The Delphi Whirl?" If not, let me tell you about the excitement it caused when it came out October 17th. First, Marion Laepple took us around the campus a la McIntyre. In the Art Department we were shown "The Angelus," "Grinny" and some beautifully interpreted Grecian friezes. In the music department Edythe displayed her ability by playing "Chopin's Prelude, Opus 28 No. 15" and Brahms's Rhapsody, Opus 19, No. 1 and Cornie and Edna sang "Her Vocal Lesson," in a most delightful way. Scotland and Japan were represented by a highland lad and lassie and Japanese dancing maidens. Shadow pictures of "Young Lochinvar" made up the literary department. And, of course, advertisements and a style show held their proper places.

DORIAN

October the seventeenth the Dorian society entertained with the "Poets of Our Fireside." The poets were introduced with brief anecdotes, after which tableaux of their musings were reflected in the glow of the fireplace. Hiawatha appeared in the triumph of his wooing of Minnehaha. Columbia inspired Henry Van Dyke and the melody of patriotic songs. The two extremes of "courtin'" were revealed in Huldy's winning way with Zeke and the plight of "My Maiden Aunt." Whittier showed "The Barefoot Boy," as he is while Riley told off "The Raggedy Man," he would like to be.

With the beautiful harmony of negro folk songs, a mammy lulled her pickaninny to sleep. The pictures were accompanied by readings from the various selections. After the program the social hour passed in genial friendship.

SOROSIS

The Sorosis Society and its guests enjoyed a Scotch program Friday night. After the welcome by the President came a review of Scotch music by Sorosite Natalie Reed. This was followed by a Highland Fling by Sorosite Carol Van Hartesveldt. Sorosite Van Vessem sang "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose" and "Roamin' in the Gloamin'." A short story read by Sorosite Gabbard and a piano solo by Sorosite Scott concluded the program, after which "a bit of Scotch" and a bit of visiting and chattering were enjoyed by the company.

Knickerbocker

Biography of Wagnalls.....
.....Gerhart Decker
Piano Solo.....Timothy Cramer
Vacation Dreams.....James VerMeulen
A Sermon.....Roy Nattress
"A Clarinet Solo".....
.....Norman Vander Hart

Cosmopolitan

Fish and Game Trails.....
.....Kenneth Van Lente
Piano Solo.....Cornelius Dykhuisen
Poetry in the Lighter Vain.....
.....Warren Fredericks

Emersonian

Book Review.....Harris Smith
Riches and Justice.....Rense Dykstra
Vocal Solo.....William Bultendorp
Middlings.....Martin Hoeksema
Opportunities in South America.....
.....Cornelius Tempus

DELPHI SOCIETY

"His Guiding Star"

It was just such a September afternoon as poets dream of, with its warm hush, disturbed only by the drone of insects and the occasional swish off carriage wheels in a dusty roadway. The wooded hills that stood sentinel over the little village, were wrapped in a Sabbath coat of soft, blue haze, and the churchyard knew no motion save when a lazy breeze bent the tall grasses to whisper age-old secrets to each other. The golden rays of late afternoon sunlight slanted in thru the stained-glass windows of the drowsy, little village church, filling it with a mellow radiance, and seeming to blend with the mellow notes of the organ, and the golden tones of the girl who stood beside it. It was a picture good to look at, that late afternoon—thick man's dark head bent over the keys and the slender girl in white, with all her heart singing those magnificent strains of Handel's Largo. The swelling tones seemed to float thru the open doors away to the hills and there die into silence.

The man at the organ swung around. "Joy, Ruth, but it makes me homesick already. Just to think, next week this time I'll be cooped up in some little two-by-four dorm room, while you'll be getting ready to speed back to dear old Alma Mater. And no more Sunday afternoon concerts, and dear old dad driving off alone on his rounds. And no one to explode to when the world gets too tangled up for me to straighten out. Boy, I believe I'm homesick, now."

"But you'll like it, Dick?" it was more of an assertion than a question. "Like it? Ruth, you know how I've itched to be off at work sometimes. If it hadn't been for you, I couldn't have stood that last year at college. Only you and dad know how Frank threw me out of gear. But now I can get right down to the bottom of things. I'm afraid I'll just glory in the dissecting room. These ten fingers are going to do something some day," and he held them out, sensitive, supple fingers that would prove their worth in his chosen profession. "I'll be a regular old grand, just see if I won't."

"I know you will, Dick. But you mustn't work too hard. You'll meet some fine new medics, and the old M.D.'s will be crazy about you, too. And then there is so much interest in a big school and a big town. And you'll probably meet all kinds of nice people, and some nice girls—and maybe forget the supposed attractions of a poor country parson's daughter."

"Ruth, if I thot you meant that, I'd—I don't know what I'd do. When you're worth all the girls of the world

(Continued on Page 3)

Addison

Book Review (Acres of Diamonds).....Nicholas Keiser
Is Smoking as Detrimental to Women as to Men?.....Clarence Hess
Slaves' Dream (Longfellow).....
.....Bruno Bruna
Accordian Solo.....Aaron Ungersma
Humorous Reading.....Harold Arink

MELIPHONE

The regular meeting of the Meliphone society was held last Thursday evening. After the rendering of a most pleasing program consisting of a talk on "Joan of Arc," by John Tyse; "Ancient Mound Builders," by Wallace Dykhuis; "Description" by Jacob Dewitt, the meeting was turned over to the initiation committee. Nine new men, Russell Everts, Clarence Howard, Jacob Juist, Fred Wyngarden, Martin Hulzenga, Peter Moser, Joseph Atonides, Marvin Alberts, and Bernard Kulzer were elected into the membership of the society.

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Read The Ads

(Continued from Page Two)

put together. And you know very well, Miss Ruth, that you—well you've been my guiding star. It will be tough work, Ruth, it's a man sized job, but with you back of me—"

"Let's go, Dick, it's almost tea-time and mother will be wondering where we are staying. Your doctor dad is coming over, too. He promised me."

The boy carefully closed the organ and the two slowly walked down the aisle. At the door they lingered and looked back. The shadows were beginning to deepen, but one bright ray slanted across their loved, old organ.

"We'll have this to remember anyway," she said softly, and humming the tune that had lately floated thru, they closed the doors and left the little church to its dreams.

"Dick, old fellow, Dick. Confound that old book. You're ruining your valuable eyesight and on the verge of losing a more valuable friend," and with the words a big muscular hand grabbed away the heavy volume.

Dick, suddenly come to earth, from the world of the scientific sprang after the book, and a lively scuffle ensued. Trained athletic as he was, he was no match for big Tom Sheffield. Tom was a large, rawboned Westerner with a shock of sandy hair which bordered on the suspicion of a red. But Tom had a fertile brain, a sturdy purpose and a genius for friendship that made the rest of him seem positively charming.

Dick finally shook free and glared at him. "I'd like to know what business it is of yours?"

"I've made it my business. You're working too hard."

"Rot, no harder than you are. I'm keeping perfectly fit. And boy, but you know how fascinating this all is. But I won't be satisfied till I can get out into the world and turn something of all this to account. You know that ever since France and the medical corps, I've just been waiting to fall into line with all those other grand old fellows. And when I was in the hospital, I got another angle of it."

"I know, old fellow, same way I

feel. Head wound, wasn't it?" he asked casually.

"That time I was in the hospital? Yes, didn't amount to much, though. Thought I'd told you before. Right here, you know," pointing to the slight scar that showed through his close-cropped hair.

"Well, to get back to the point, have you been to that eye-specialist already?"

"Forget it! I asked Doc Summers about it, and he said nothing to worry about. Slight eye-strain, and those headaches mean longer hours at night."

"See here, Dick," and Tom held him off at the end of two long arms. "You know as well as I do, that altho he's all right in his line, Summers isn't the man to see about this sort of thing. You know better than I do that it's your nerve, and your fingers, and your eyes that are going to make you a big fellow, some day. You've got genius, my boy, you've got genius. And today your fingers slipped because you couldn't see straight enough. It didn't matter today, but it will some time. You go to that eye-man this afternoon, do you hear? If you don't that'll be the end of you for me."

"Well, I'm really not worried, but perhaps I'd better. You know I was ashamed of that slip this morning. It's never bothered me that way before. But since you put it that way, I'll go. And I'll come back, and tell my dear old grandmother that I'm absolutely all right and will have eyes as good as his own curious old ones in a week or two."

"That's good stuff. And I don't doubt half a chance but that you will. Good luck, old chap," and giving him a hearty thump on his back, he bolted from the room.

Dick was as good as his word. When he once made up his mind to something, he would carry it thru with the capable assurance of a man. He knew that Sheffield was right, and anxious to have the interview over as soon as possible, he made for the first down-town car. Inside of thirty minutes he was in the office of the famous doctor, awaiting his turn. With keen, observant eyes he watched the little dramas in real life before him.

The faded woman with the rusty black kerchief tied over her eyes, had a despondent, despairing look about her. The gay girl with the thick glasses was chattering inconsequently to the girl in the next rocker. The door opened and a gentle, little woman appeared, with a heavy bag in one hand and leading by the other a little boy with wide, unseeing eyes. He groped his way along thru the strange room. "Blind, poor little lad," thought Dick as he looked on with compassionate eyes. An hour more of waiting and then the door swung wide for him.

An hour later, and the outer door of the consultation room opened. It was a young man who had walked in, proudly erect with the purpose of youth and the joy of living. It seemed like an old man who stumbled out and it was the grim eyes of the great specialist that were this time filled with compassion. Hardly seeing, hardly feeling, he groped his way down, knowing only that he must find air and room to walk, something to dull this buzzing in his head and give him time to think. Was this a dream? What had that man said; what really had happened? First there had been a thorough examination, that was no dream. And then what had the doctor said. Ah, yes, he caught it now.

"Do you want to know the truth, young man? I'm not in the habit of deceiving sensible people." (Of course he had) "I wouldn't tell you this if I weren't absolutely certain but I've run up against so many similar cases in France, there's not much doubt about it. Only yours has taken longer to develop, than most. That little head wound did the work. Since it's reached this stage, we ought to operate before the end of the week. That will mean that we're giving you a pretty good chance to see tolerably well. Otherwise, of course, it means something else." "Blind, you mean," he had said in a hard voice. "Have it your way, but we'll do our best for you, you know."

"Blind!" That one word seemed to echo over and over hollowly within him: What did it mean? Oh, yes, like that little fellow who had to grope his way around, couldn't see anything. But the doctor had said there was a chance. A chance, oh yes, if it wasn't total blindness he would be purblind. Suddenly what had been struggling to express itself, came on him like a flash. That meant no surgery for him. What could a half-blind man expect to do, he asked himself scornfully? And, oh, he had exulted so in his work. Not to be a doctor? That was folly, he felt as though he had been predestined for that. And that meant, it came over him with a sudden icy rush of surprise, he couldn't expect Ruth to marry him, a girl in a million marry a blind beggar. That was too bitter! And dear old dad with all his high hopes, and Tom who had prophesied great things for him, must they all be disappointed. He had lived through some moments in the war that he thought he could never pass through again. But that was child's play to this. This was hell, hell, black, black hell from which there seemed no escape.

The streets were crowded with hurrying shoppers but he neither heard nor saw them. It might have been hours or years that he paced up and down the bleak streets. The first few flakes were falling softly and caressingly as though to cover and heal the barren and hard places of the earth, but Dick never noticed them. At last that dull knocking in his head had ceased and he thought he could think clearly. He knew it all now and would fight it out. But fight he could not, for a cold numbing despair had crept over him. It was of no use, he was of no use, life was of no use. He had crossed and recrossed the large bridge before he noticed where he was. The river looked dark and menacing save where the snow had fallen on the icy patches at the side.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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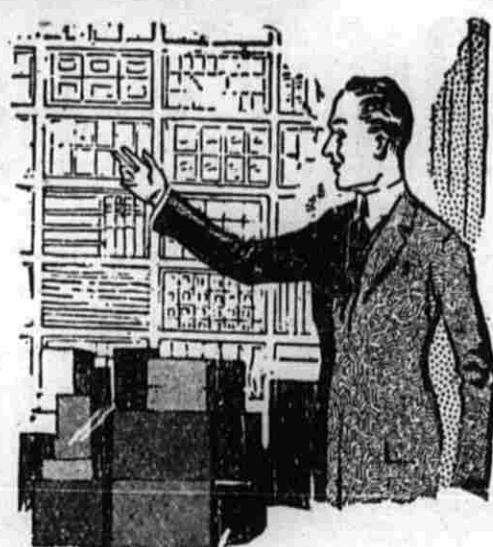
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Active Maniacs

"Ike" Sterenberg Richard Jager
James Vermeulen Bruno Bruns
Faculty Advisor.....Dr. John B. Nykerk

Willie went to Princeton,
Nellie, we HEAR, is here.
Guess he's mighty lucky.
Stamps are not so dear.

Write is Right

Last week a group of the yearlings
of '28 were huddled about the tennis
court. When questioned by "Fritz"
Yonkman they chirped, "We're wait-
ing for the trial."

A few minutes later the same col-
lection were hurling themselves upon
the court and when questioned by
Gerrit Wesselink they replied in pa-
thetic innocence, "We're throwing
ourselves upon the mercy of the
court."

Wesselink departed mumbling,
"Yea! Yea! S. G. A., S. G. A.!"

We Understand

She—"Do you drink to me only
with thine eye?"

He—"Yes, I have a glass eye."

A Weird Tale!!

She—"Are you the man they said
had so much operatic experience?"

He—"Very likely, I played the nut
in Ben Bolt."

Key to Knowledge

Do your bit—do your stuff—
Down to business—treat 'em rough—
Cut the kiddin—cut the bluff—
Sufferin' cats—ain't college tough??

That Vacancy!

One of our teachers said, "Man is
but a hole with skin around it."
And ever since I have such a hollow
feeling.

Things That Never Happen

A group of frosh piling on a sedate
Senior.

Dr. Pieters swearing at a student.
Fist fight among the members of
the faculty.

Jay Wabeke going out for foot-
ball.

Hart Winter smoking his trained
briar when his Daddie is in the near-
by vicinity.

Jerry Pool not using his eagle eye.
Si Wiersma greeting you without
his rippling grin.

Hope students subscribing for the
Anchor 100%.

Humor in Greek???

During a heated discussion in
Greek class on fleshscrapers and
baths "Breezy" Burggraff remarked,
"I'd rather have a shower than a
bath."

Prof. Welmers instantly replied,
"When you get married we'll arrange
one."

Actually Happened!!!

Dr. D.—(On campus near gridiron)
"Who owns this bicycle?"

Kid—"That's mine."

Dr. D.—"Take it away from the
curb."

Kid—"Aw! Be yourself."

Dr. D.—"Take it away."

Kid—"Aw! Be natural."

(Kid removes bicycle and asks of
a student nearby:)

"Who's that big guy?"

Pattie's Precaution

Prof. Lampen—"A little boy fainted
in our parlor the other day."

Prof. Patterson—"I told you to
remove those photographs from the
piano."

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